

Literary Department.

MARCELLA.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's new book, just published by the MacMillans, is a fair to excite as much interest and discussion as Robert Elsmere. It is certainly far more worthy of notice, aside from the fact that Robert Elsmere was practical, a first book. In its artistic methods it represents a great advance over the earlier books, and also over David Grieve. Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie has gone so far as to say that in this book Mrs. Ward has a greater emancipation of herself from the didacticism that spoiled Robert Elsmere as a work of art, and has produced a novel which for the human interest of it will rank with those of George Eliot.

Robert Elsmere was a treatise on one of the religious problems of the day, hung on a thread of story. David Grieve was a much more artistic and dramatic presentation, in the form of a novel, of the author's views on the problem of the sexes. To many readers, Marcella will seem to be a story of contemporary socialism, rather than a story of the development of Marcella's character as influenced by various phases of the socialistic agitation. The relations between rich and poor, between landlord and tenant, between employer and employee, are made so prominent; the spread of socialism, in its various phases, is so carefully outlined; the effect of socialistic schemes on the people to whom they are applied, and on the people who apply them, is so fully worked out; the various sorts of socialists are so graphically described, that the total impression of the book is rather that of a study in socialism than of a study of human character. To put it in another way, when one is done with the book and goes back at it as a whole, one thinks rather of the answer it gives to the question, what can socialism do for the human family as it exists, than of Marcella, a and the people who influenced her fate.

While this is true, or seems to be the present writer to be true, there is no denying that the book has a great interest as a human document, entirely irrespective of the general question of the effects of socialism on humanity in general. The author has evidently made the attempt to treat of socialism on y, or at any rate mainly, as it affects the characters of the human beings she has here created. In other words, she has striven to make the individual human interest stronger than the interest in the social problem which is presented. It is an extremely interesting attempt, but we cannot agree with the distinguished critic above mentioned that it has been entirely successful.

There is a curious resemblance between Mrs. Ward and George Eliot in their didacticism, but with an equally curious difference: George Eliot grew more didactic with each succeeding novel, while Mrs. Ward grows less so. "Adam Bede" is a better novel than "Daniel Deronda," "Marcella" is a better novel than "Robert Elsmere." "Adam Bede" is in one sense a study of the same problem that is presented in "David Grieve," but it is a great deal more human—we are interested in the people themselves and what happens to them, and not in the author's solution of the problem. In "Marcella" we are interested in the people too, but we are never allowed to forget the problem.

The plot of Marcella is very simple. It is the old stock plot of "the Duchess." Two people become engaged without any sufficient notion on the part of the girl as to what tremendous responsibilities she is assuming. There is a misunderstanding and they part, he goes to the ends of the earth, after the manner of Englishmen in novels when anything is the matter with them, she to discover, after much pain, what love really is; and then there comes an understanding, and they live happily ever after. It is unnecessary to say that the resemblance to the Duchess ceases at the plot. It is a good stock plot, has served many a novelist, and will serve many another. It is the way in which it is worked out that makes the difference.

Marcella herself is a very fine character. She reminds one of Dorothea, in Middlemarch, but she is more stormy, more passionate, more thoroughly alive, touches life at more points. High-strung, sensitive, inexperienced, with an unhappy girlhood behind her, and the sympathy from those of her own family, she clings herself upon life as she finds it, with a passionate desire to do something noble and great.

The ending of her proud and sensitive spirit; against the bars of circumstance and tradition is magnificently portrayed, and the result of the struggle on her own character are subtly wrought out. She finds that facts are too strong for theories, but she never loses her faith in human nature. Her inmost nature is pure gold, and the fiery trial to which she is subjected only burns away the dross.

Her lover, Arthur Raeburn, may possibly be objected to because he is too perfect; but he is a together possible, and he is a splendid specimen of the English aristocrat at his best. More interesting, though not by any means more admirable, is the false over, Harry Warrington. In him, Mrs. Ward has, we think, created a new type in fiction. He

is perfect of his kind, and the pains which the author has devoted to him have been well bestowed. As a character, indeed, it seems to us that Warrington is the success of the book. We know, as Marcella did not, that he is a racist, and yet we have a sort of sneaking fondness for him. His appearance, his assurance, his boyish and joyous energy, his brilliancy, attract us, in spite of our knowledge that he is thoroughly unscrupulous and thoroughly selfish.

As a study in socialism, if one chooses to look at it from that point of view, this book is the most powerful, the most subtle, the most discriminating, that we have ever seen. The author sees, as most didactic writers on socialism do not see, the relative value of things. This sense of the relativity of things is one of the most striking things in the book, as of course it is one of the rarest, and most valuable endowments of the writer on social topics. The enthusiasm, always for the cause, his very enthusiasm makes it necessary that he should forget it. He can see, generally, only one side; he would lose his power as a propagandist if his vision were wider.

To come down to concrete instances, there is no finer touch in the book than is found in the relations between Marcella and Mrs. Elton. The poor woman whose husband has been hung for murder finds it impossible to live up to Marcella's conception of how a woman should feel, and act; who has passed through such a tragic experience, Marcella, at first, expects the woman to live on the same plane with herself—to feel as she would feel. If her husband had been hung for murder, she is disappointed in Mrs. Elton, because she does not; and cannot maintain herself at concert pitch at the time. By and by she comes to see that it is better for the woman and those dependent upon her that she should not stay seared, or continue, y—that she should relax, and even forget sometimes that the shadow of an awful calamity hangs over her. But when she marries again, Marcella is disgusted, and cannot forgive her.

But we have not the space to specify further. Perhaps enough has been said to indicate that this is an extraordinary book, and one of the most notable that have appeared in recent years. We hardly think it will rank as one of the great novels of all time; it is certainly one of the great novels of our own time. And the best of it is, that it shows that the author is steadily growing as an artist, and that still better things may be expected of her in the future.

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Gladstone is finding so much under his sorrow of facing sight in translating into English verse the odes of Horace. He is so familiar with the original that this amusement gives it a work to the eye.

The popularity of novels is probably nowhere so great as in Australia. It is said that 90 per cent. of the female and 70 per cent. of the male frequenters of the public libraries read novels almost exclusively.

Garrett P. Serviss, author of "Astronomy with an Opera Glass," is preparing a volume on the use of small telescopes. It is said that Mr. Serviss will embody in this work some suggestions, not to be found elsewhere, that both amateurs and professionals will value.

Some of the successful of the feminine novelists are trying their pens at plays. John Oliver Hobbes has been writing one in collaboration with George Moore—and a nice morbid production it promises to be. Mrs. Clifford, the author of "Aunt Anne," is also writing a play.

A translation of a literary curiosity of the eighteenth century, a French treatise on the folly of collecting rare and curious books, is soon to be published by Duprat & Co. It has an introduction by a member of the Grolier club, and is entitled "Crazy Book Collecting, or Bibliomania."

In a letter by Robert Southey, recently sold in London, there appears an extraordinary piece of conceit. He compares therein his own poem, "Macbe," with Scott's "The Lady of the Lake," and actually says this peacock sentence: "But my poem will continue to grow when his Turley bean shall have withered."

Autograph letters of Nathan Hale, the patriot, are rare, and the few in existence have brought large sums. Messrs. Dodd & Mead's latest catalogue of valuable books and MSS. contains the text of one of these letters, which they sold at \$4,000. It is signed and dated at New London, Conn., in December, 1775.

Lord Wolsey is quoted as saying that to an American be once the honor of having written the most perfect description of a battle in the English language. This American is Captain Omar King, and the episode described is the cavalry fight of Gettysburg in "Between the Lines."

In a letter written by George Eliot and published for the first time in "Quest Lore," she apologizes for neglecting her correspondent and asks this sentence, which many authors have echoed in spirit: "Dear Patty, you saw how much I do write, and how I nauseate my pen, in the end, you would see no further reason for my silence." George never saw a typewriter.

WOMEN NOVELISTS.

A Reaction Against the Neurotic School of Fiction.

Special Correspondence.

New York, April 9.—It is announced that the forthcoming edition of the works of the late Mrs. Humphry Ward will be the largest first edition of any work of fiction since George Eliot's "Middlemarch."

Mrs. Ward's new book, "Marcella," is published in New York by the MacMillan Company. The extraordinary demand for the book in the United States and Great Britain has caused the publishers of the book to postpone the date of publication more than two months from the day on which it was expected to appear. Mrs. Ward's earnings from this book, added to those which she has received from "David Grieve" and "Robert Elsmere," will make her a very rich woman and can be compared only with the earnings of Dickens and George Eliot. She has not yet received so much for all her novels as Mrs. Ward will gain from her three stories.

The interest in this novel has been so great that the critics of the leading newspapers and writers for the magazines have despatched the publishers for advance copies, and one very unusual paper has a ready-made review in its review, which furnishes a study of the novel written before the book was in the hands of the public. This writer declares that the public interest in the story is justified, and that it will probably take rank with the greatest novels produced in the English language.

There has been a great deal of comment over a recent discovery of a letter from Mrs. Ward to a woman named "The Heavenly Twins," a "Superstition Woman," and "A Yellow Aster." These novels, each of them written by a married woman, have had a very great sale, but there are indications that a reaction has begun against the neurotic novel, such as these are, and it is expected that this story of "Marcella" will be a reaction against the neurotic school of fiction.

In one of the most ably edited newspapers of this country there appeared recently a very brilliant criticism of such works as "The Heavenly Twins" and "A Superstition Woman." The article struck off the mask behind which the motive of these books was hidden and even if it be really a most distressing and almost insupportable purpose, it is at least a purpose which is not insignificant. The writer asked, if it were true now that women are so completely monopolizing the field of romance and neurotic fiction that as their ability to write increases their motives and lessons deteriorate. That this surmise is not correct is indicated by the universal interest which the publication of this latest work of Mrs. Ward has created, by the very great attention which is being attracted to the latest series of Mrs. Ward's novels, which is now running in the Atlantic Monthly, and by the extraordinary talent for sustained work of the latest order which Miss Mary Wiggins is revealing in her latest story, "Marcella."

The fiction which these three women are producing is of the highest quality of each, and each of them is a very real and very human, and justifies the claims of those who have been asserting that the great novelists of this and the next generation are to be women who have wrested the laurels from men. Some of the ablest critics believe that there are men still capable of writing a story of presentment ability, but that men of such imagination have been tempted into other fields of endeavor where the promises of influence and wealth seem to be greater.

We may hear something of a young American author during the year. He has written a story of some 20,000 words, and has it rejected by 18 publishers. He came back to him the last time to a publisher, and he has not yet been able to get it published. He has determined to try once more and sent it to the editor of St. Nicholas. In a few days he received a note from Mrs. Dodge saying that St. Nicholas would accept with very great delight the story and would begin to publish it at an early day. These numbers are rejections and to final acceptance by so fine a critic as Mrs. Dodge indicates, according to the precedents, that the story will make a hit.

E. C. EDWARDS.

PAY OF ALIENS.

Special Correspondence.

Boston, April 12.—The appointment of a well-known author as postmaster of a small town near here has again aroused interest regarding the pecuniary rewards of literature, for, though the lady referred to is known to be "popular," her royalties have not been sufficient for her to claim the emoluments of the comparatively humble office for which it is made a personal application.

There is a wide discrepancy between the facts and the general public belief of the profits or lack of them attending literary production. Even the reports of sales of the number of books disposed of to buyers over the counters of the shop or book store, as the newsstand, or from the hands of the canvassing agent, are made a mass of contradictions, confusing to the ideas of the ordinary reader.

Miss Penny rushes into print either through the medium of a paid advertisement or the kindness of some editorial friend with the statement that 50,000 copies of her story, price 25 cents, have already been sold. Mr. Sedgwick calls attention to the fact that 18,000 copies of his novel, price \$1, have been taken from the publishers, yet the latter has made the most money, for the profit on 18,000 \$1 books is the same or only slightly less than on 72,000 25 cent paper novels. He has demonstrated also a superior grade of literary workmanship, for few people, no matter what their indifference, spend a quarter on "leisure reading," while even for times this sum in a book, even of universal opinion, is considered to be "good."

Royalties on books vary from 5 to 15 per cent on the retail price to from 10 to 25 per cent on the wholesale price, although no general figure is either 10 per cent on the wholesale or retail price. Thus an author may receive from 5 to 15 cents royalty on a \$1 book. The latter sum has been paid only to a very few highly successful authors. On per cent of the retail price of a book is a very satisfactory arrangement to the

writer. The wholesale price is usually from 50 to 75 per cent of the retail price, making some 25 cents books sell for from 10 to 12½ cents, except when a large edition is issued.

But the financial and literary standing of the publishing house has much to do with all this, and its price advance to accept 10 per cent from one publisher rather than 10, 15 or any other fancy figure from another, because the first named will sell 5, 10 or 20 times as many books as the last, owing to its superior facilities for advertising and its energetic methods. Its imprimatur is considered to be a testimonial of the worth of the book.

There are exceptions to everything, and it is possible that a comparatively unknown "house" on Tremont or Washington street of this city, Fourteenth or Twenty-third streets, New York, or Walnut avenue, Chicago, may deal to do better with a book than Longdon, Yarnall & Co. Dillingham is selling many thousands of the books of a man who writes under the pseudonym of "Albert Ross," but many first class publishers would not succeed so well now if they carried to hand his productions. A. C. Gunter was forced by the rejection of his first novel, on the part of Boston and New York publishers to become his own printer. A representative of one of the largest publishing corporations in America has said that, although this firm has millions invested, it could not have made the success of "Mr. James of New York," for the reason that the author-publisher gave his entire time and attention to that one book, utilizing every known method, and originating new ideas to have the people of the United States know of its existence. It is impossible for a publishing house, however great, to make a specialty of any one publication when issuing from two to a dozen books weekly.

All publishers are constantly refusing manuscripts of books that are not of a great success and accepting others that are of a great success. They advise by their readers' opinions. They cannot do otherwise. Literature is a trade, or a profession, or a business, as you will. There are no more failures, no more successes in this than in the jewelry trade or groceries, for 15 men out of 100 in business fail, but if the writer becomes a success he not only realizes a large sum of money in an inconceivably short time, but also achieves reputation and praise.

No writer in the United States is more extensively advertised, is more widely known than William Dean Howells, but he has not been so successful as many have realized. He has had 800,000 copies of a book that retails from two to three times the price of any of Howells' works, and this volume is but one of Howells' and 100 volumes.

The largest firms of Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Chicago have a "list" of publishers who guarantee to take from the publishers a certain number—one, two or five copies each—of every work they issue. This list extends in number from 1,000 to 2,500 copies, and thus the publisher is protected from loss, as the number sold will cover the actual expense of publication. The book-sellers make the guarantee because the books are sold to them at "special" rates, and any "live" purveyor of books can dispose of at least one volume.

Literary conditions, however, have changed, and we shall nevermore see the success of such poets as Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant and Holmes, though W. L. Carter and James Whitcomb Riley have a host of admirers. Though there is an occasional exception like the "John Ward, Preacher," of Mrs. Humphry Ward, the "Red Earth" and "Prince of India" of General Wallace and the "David Delfour" of Stevenson, sensational novelists and the wit and humor of Mark Twain, Bill Nye and J. Quaker meet the approval of the great reading public at present, and so our American story writer and maker of literature verse has become an insignificant government official.

ALBERT P. SOUTHWICK.

POOR TIME FOR POETS.

What wonder that the poets of this prosy age regret that themes for making poetry are now so hard to get. That pleasant rural pictures which for years employed the pen of poets have been crowded out to never come again.

The weary plowman never more shall plod his weary way
He rides a jockeylike affair—a jockey trim and gay.
The sower scattering the seeds afield no more is seen,
For that, like all the other work, is done by a machine.

The scythe the mower used to swing is rusting on the shelf
A hired man now whacks the mules that do the work instead.
The merry cradlers in the wheat we can no more discern.
The poet and they yielded to a patent right concern.

The city thrasher, with a flail, upon the old barn floor,
He, too, has left the country, for his usefulness is o'er.
With others he was pushed aside and forced to leave
For mechanism, dull and fat, that rules the land today.

The loom and spinning wheel, which maidens used to ply with art,
Have gone, and hunched has come to fill their room poetic part.
Stern realism rules the age from cradle to the grave.
There's nothing left concerning which the poet's muse may rave.

Since nearly every task today is done by steam or horse,
Or, as a poet's theme, has grown too practical of course.
What can the muse turn there that is naught but mechanism seen,
And even poetry like this is made by a machine.

—Chicago Mail.

Nailing a Lie.

Mother—Do not wish you to have anything to do with him. Why, his salary is only \$8 a week.
Daughter—Oh, ma! Whenever you hear of you a falsehood.
Mother—Well, I was told so.
Daughter—Then it's a falsehood. He is getting \$8.50.—New York Press.

ON NEWSPAPER BOY.

RELATIONS OF JOURNALISTS WITH THE PUBLIC MEN AND WOMEN.

Special Correspondence.

Washington, April 7.—The relations of Washington journalists with congressmen and other public men are constantly changing. They are subject to a singular ebb and flow or an alternating sequence of good will and a most open war. Sometimes there is quite a close alliance between a party's representatives in congress and journalists of the same party. Then a coldness springs up, and by and by there is such pronounced hostility that the harshest epithets are reserved not for the common opposition, but for certain congressmen of the writer's own party. And it is a curious fact that these periods of extreme hostility between the two sets of public instructors have generally preceded some great national scandal, so that one might easily

From a Close Alliance to Open Hostility and Thence to Indifference—Some Veteran Correspondents—Congressmen Who Are Approachable—Hardworking Men.

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A FORCIBLE INTERVIEW.

calculate that there was trouble ahead and destruction for some fair reputation by the storm signals raised on Newspaper Row.

A Glance Backward.

The last year of Andrew Johnson was the beginning of a long series of hostilities which continued through the entire first term and well into the second term of Grant. In fact, now that it is over and we can look back upon it philosophically, it must be admitted that that was an era of corruption, if we ever had one. First to draw the fire of the correspondents were the once famous Mrs. Coffey and her gang of patron brokers.

The unfortunate position of Andrew Johnson, compelled to clobber with hostilities to get any of his appointments confirmed, so divided the responsibility as to reduce it to a minimum. All this fell in with the wasteful ways and general recklessness which followed the large expenditures of the war, and a habit of carelessness with the people's money spread from Washington down through all the avenues of state, county and municipal government. It ended with Credit Mobilier and the whisky ring in Washington, the reign of Tweed in New York and of the innumerable bosses in every city in the land. That was the palmy day of the shady aristocracy, the golden age of the lobbyist. Claims were measured by millions. The career bagger was tlen in the land and was voting for everything which had money in it.

An Era of Corruption.

The end of the war found the crutches of southern society flung with a strange grit of humanity. It was composed of men who had been officers in colored regiments; men who were agents of the freedmen's bureau; men who had been cotton buyers and sellers, and who remained where the close of the war found them. Along with these was a class of men of whom it is no exaggeration to say the world was not worthy—loveless, enthusiastic martyrs—men whose love for humanity was so much greater than their selfishness (or, if you please, their common sense) that they sold themselves to educate the negroes, disregarding all to poverty, danger, social ostracism and the sneers of their critics in the north. Out of these curious, compelling elements the newly enfranchised colored people chose at random their representatives and of course got some of the best and worst men in the country. The good men were too often impractical; the bad very practical indeed. All these elements to the general condition following the war, and it is easy to see why the era of 1865-75 was one of unusual corruption.

When Journalists Were Unpopular.

It was at this time that John Platt, George Alfred Townsend, J. B. McCullough, Sydney Andrews and many others began their career of slashing criticism, which continued (such is the force of habit) even after the occasion for it had passed away. The great scandal of patron brokerage and the bargain and sale of appointments had scarcely passed away when the scandal of the Indian ring became rampant and was followed immediately by the sale of cadetships, the conviction of Congressman Bowen of South Carolina for bigamy, the San Domingo affair and the inquiry about the French Arms.

While all these and all the charges against Boss Stephen and Bacons and others in connection with the District government were still fresh in the minds of the people, the famous Credit Mobilier explosion occurred, to be followed in rapid succession by a dozen minor scandals and then by the great breaking of the whisky ring and the arraignment of Secretary Bismarck for selling post tradings. Those were indeed the palmy days of sensational journalism, and the hostility between the press and congressmen grew to such a degree that violence was often threatened and occasionally inflicted. It is still one of the jokes of the correspondents' smoking room to tell how Billy McGarran knocked down

John Platt in the capitol and how Fred Grant and his friend waited outside the residence of the same mimitab's Donn with the avowed intention of pouncing on him as "hide woulc'n" hold's saucers."

Then Came Dan Lamont.

The panic of 1873 and the political revolution which followed it proved a sharp tonic, and with the coming in of the Hayes administration began an era of good feeling between correspondents and congressmen. It may be said to have reached its maximum about the time Garfield was inaugurated. Then there was a sudden change, and many journalists were sharpening their claws for an assault on the administration when the wounding and death of Garfield caused a halt.

The era of good feeling continued through most of Arthur's term, was but slightly broken during Cleveland's first, and again reached its maximum under Harrison. It is needless to recount the changes since, but it may be said in conclusion that there is now a rising tide of hostility to the administration and incidentally to one section of congress. Perhaps it would be a fair statement to say that the situation is a little strained. In Cleveland's first administration the journalists and Dan Lamont to deal with, and it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that they loved him.

Men Who Stand Well.

There were a Bradstreet and an R. G. Dun to determine the standing of congressmen so far as their being approachable by journalists is concerned. Senator Culbourn would stand well, up and probably be marked with five A's. To one who is not in it, it is a treat to see the senator on the occasions when he rides alone in a street car, with a journalist on each side of him and often one or two more hanging to the straps and leaning over him. In the house Mr. Walker of Massachusetts has the reputation of being uncommonly good to those who lie, but given to forming very sudden judgments on newspaper men whom he meets for the first time.

Among the Populists none other excels Jerry Simpson for general geniality, a quickness to catch on as to what the correspondent wants, a readiness to give very free, so far as he will give at all, and a polite and easy way of stating that he doesn't propose to give any more. Late Pence in his entertaining moments is very entertaining indeed, and it is almost as good as a comedy to hear him tell how his set works on the Republicans from the silver states.

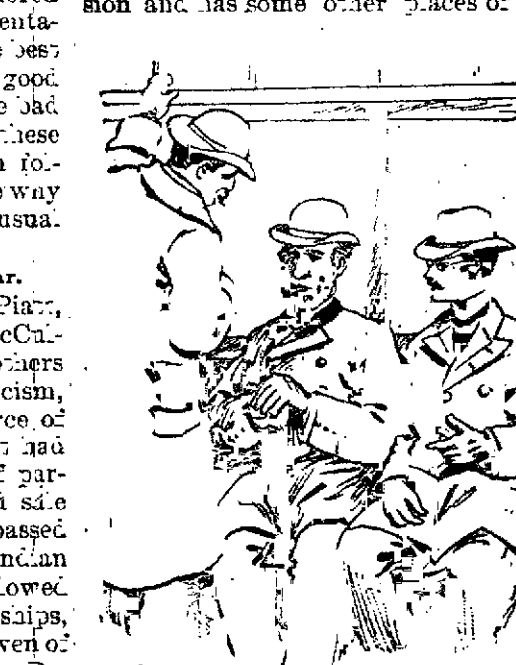
Men of Likes and Dislikes.

Josiah Patterson of Tennessee must be classed with Mr. Walker as good to those he likes. There is of course a large number of congressmen who are very communicative with journalists from their own states, but as we came to all others, Judge Culbourn is much sought, and his opinions are valued highly, but he seldom says much. General Grosvenor is one of the most genial and approachable gentlemen in the house when he feels like it, but he has as many moods and fuses as a Greek vase. It is only just to add that he is extremely busy just at present, and his part in the recent controversy has of course added to his uneasiness. He is not conspicuous for orthodoxy, but is a firm believer in total depravity of Democrats. In this respect Senators Frye and Chandler are equally orthodox. They are only rarely communicative to journalists outside of their state and party.

Mr. Dunston of Kansas is a very pleasant talker, and so are Messrs. Brookshire and Waugh of Indiana, Stallings and Bamhead of Alabama, Dismore of Arkansas, Slack, Hitt and Cannon of Illinois, Henderson of Iowa, Boatner of Louisiana and many others. Of all these, however, it must be said, as of the gentlemen named above, that their likes and dislikes are very pronounced, and if they do not like a journalist at first acquaintance he would do well to not trouble them again.

Nesters of Journalism.

The veterans of the press gang are very rarely seen in the gallery or even in the lobby. Of these W. B. Swan is the Nestor. He was a pioneer from Boston in the days when the great city dailies first began to take dispatches by telegraph. With him is generally classed General E. V. Noynton, who succeeded "Agate" (Whiteley Reid) soon after the close of the war. He is commissioner of Rock Creek park of this district and of the Chickamauga commission and has some other places of con-



A CLEVER SENATOR.

sequence, especially those dealing with the army records, and is no longer in active work. He was succeeded on the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette by the now veteran Fred Mussey, who is assisted by Albert Eastlake, younger son of the well-known Murat.

Other veterans, by comparison with new men at any rate, are John Y. Carson of the Philadelphia Ledger, P. A. Richardson of the Baltimore Sun, William C. MacBride of the Cincinnati Enquirer, Perry S. Heath of the Indianapolis Journal and other papers, Aaron Secor of the New York Tribune, Jacob J. Noah of the Rocky Mountain News, the scribe of the press gang, and the list of men who have been many years would stretch out too long.

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